

1866.

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the salt;" and a writer signatures a person as presumptions, because he seated himself "above the salt."

The occupations of womankind were spinning, weaving, and embroidery; their amusements, cards and dice. When James IV. visited his affianced bride, the Princess Margaret of England, he found the Queen playing at cards."

Here and there, some one of royal family, or some wife and child of a great scholar, was well instructed, even in the classics, but, generally, the woman was well cared for who could read and write.

Courtships of all kinds were rare, and when a lady desired to go further than she could walk, she was either carried in a chair placed on poles and borne by men-servants, or she was mounted on horseback to find some gentlemen.

Yet to all these people came "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New-Year," with frolics and gifts. The gaiety of what we call only the necessities of life are gathered from the articles they selected as presents. A few pins was a common present; wooden skewers and strings were mostly used; a pair of gloves was a costly offering.

The extensive wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth was, in a large measure, acquired by New-Year gifts. Gentlemen tendered money, from 20 to 40 pounds, and ladies gave robes, mantles, hose furnishings, and such like. None in the household were exempt from this tax, even to the lowest officer. Sir Gilbert Destrick presented Her Majesty, one year, with a book of the States in the reign of William the Conqueror. The same year, one Absalon, Master of the Savoy, gave her a Bible covered with cloth of gold and silver clasps. Her physician gave for-sug-sweetmeats and green ginger. Her apothecary, oranges, lemons, lozenges, and comfits. Mrs. Blanch, a comfit box and spoon; and, beside, were pictures, drawing-glasses, gloves, chairs, and other things.

The Queen, say they, returned gifts, but took care that a heavy balance should be left on her side.

In 1824, Mr. Rudd of Great Newport-st., London, exhibited a roll of velvet nine feet long, being a catalogue of the New-Year gifts of King James I. to persons therein mentioned. Jan. 1, 1605.

The weather of New-Year's Eve was of no small importance, as an index of futurity. Brand cites an old legend:

"If New-Year's Eve night wind blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storm there'll be;
If east, the trees will bear fruit before their time;
If north-east, thin it, man and brine."

The last line is evidently put in to eke out the rhyme.

In the South Down Highlands, a custom has prevailed time out of mind; and the inhabitants preserve it often in their migrations to foreign countries.

At sunset, all work is suspended, and they gather for sport around the farm-house fire. At bed-time, two of them go with a pitcher to a spring, and fill it with water, being very careful not to let it rest on the ground, as that would destroy the charm. It is brought back in solemn silence, and, without a word spoken, they all retire to rest. The next morning, still in silence, a glass of the water is served all round, and the beds sprinkled. A fire is then kindled under some juniper bushes, and the smoke accumulates until the household are almost suffocated. The horses and cattle undergo the same fumigation, and the whole establishment is then supposed to be safe from witchcraft and secure of good luck for the ensuing year. The *guide wife* now opens the windows to dispel the smoke, administers all round a *spirits* potion, and the frolics of the day begin with a sumptuous breakfast.

The salutation of some clans, *our maist chort or st.*, is understood to mean, "you owe me a New-Year's gift," and like our Philippins, the first speaker wins.

A writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine" of 1791 says that in Westmoreland they go about with baskets and staves—that is, a stave thrust through the handles of the basket, by which it is carried—singing and making merry. Whoever will not join them is put in the basket and carried to the next public house, where he is obliged to pay a tribute to get free.

And thus has descended to us from generations past the custom of giving a warm welcome in the shape of merriment to the coming year. It is but doing as they did, when the maiden and her lover exchange keepsakes, and when the master and mistress of the mansion sally forth, to provide gifts for the household—gifts which have each year been increasing in beauty and fitness, until the tempting objects offered by our salesmen have reached a point of attraction no prudent considerations of price can resist.

There is a pleasant feeling of fellowship with all human kind in the remembrance that as we hail this new January with new hopes and kind wishes of "a happy new year" to all—and offerings, be they never so humble, to those we love—so have generations and generations done before us.

Hopes have been disappointed and plans frustrated, and friends parted by hate or distance—but what of that? There is a happy disposition planted in each heart to believe that its own case is to be the exception; and so, in this firm individual persuasion, we will all fearlessly and merrily enter upon this opening year.

The First of January and its Observations.

Gone! Folded away among the things of the past, the year 1865 sleep well. Turbulent, stormy, full of startling events, occupying one of the most interesting, and, to us, one of the most important pages in the history of our country, it will live long in the memory of the world, and in the coming ages will appear as one of the wonders of the Nineteenth Century.

Born in the midst of war, the reverberating roar of hostile cannon and the clash of opposing arms made its young days very unhappy and filled them with fear.

The world wept when it came and looking back upon the year that died to give it place, without regret, also looked forward in a fruitless effort to divine the events to which it would give rise, without hope.

As the months passed, and just as the violets of Spring were bursting through the snows of the departing Winter, Peace smiled upon the year and made glad the then unhappy country. The cloud that shod so many tears of blood broke away, and as Mars sank in the setting in the West, the star of Peace arose in the East.

The rebellion was ended and the nation rejoiced; but the day set apart for a jubilee closed as gloomily to us as the ancient Romans did the Ides of March which saw their Caesar slain.

For years since the world began witnessed such a variety of conflicting emotions; none so full of sadness; one so fraught with joy. As a nation we seemed to wane. Like a pendulum, from grief to joy, from joy to grief, passing through all the intermediate oscillations of the mind, sometimes with the greatest velocity, so that days of general gladness were frequently followed by days of general gloom.

The year that was born full so much confusion sank into the past as to take that calm peacefully asleep on its mother's bosom. Its youth was sturdy, but it had a

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old age; it was born in the midst of anxiety, it died in the midst of quiet; and as nature cast its snowy mantle over the earth and enshrouded the dying day of the dead year with spotless white, so we cast the mantle of charity over its errors and its crimes, and remembering the lessons it has taught, seek repentance for the past by wooring the angel Virtue in the future."

THE NEW YEAR.

From the Old, we turn to the New Year. The day of its advent will be generally observed in the usual manner, and apparently with all the unanimity which made the recent Christmas remarkable. From the preparations that have been made, we judge that most houses will be open to visitors throughout the day and evening. The custom, though "time-honored," is perhaps honored by nothing else, and would undoubtedly be more honored in the bronch than in the observance."

A reunion of friends on the first day of the year might take place with propriety, and be both agreeable and entertaining; but when the occasion is used, as it now too often is, merely for the purpose of making a display of elaborate toilettes and refreshment-tables by one sex, the representation is chiefly remarkable for Mr. Fisher's personation of Nicholas the Nave, the aged and decrepit miser—a piece of acting which well deserves to be remembered among the gems of theatrical art that grace the New-York stage. "Love's Sacrifice" will be repeated on Tuesday and Friday. On Wednesday, Mr. Booth has long endured, in silence and retirement, the heavy burden of a dreadful calamity. He now resumes that active professional life which is indispensable to such a temperament as his. The American public, which is peculiarly kindly and sympathetic, will greet him with a cordial welcome—since, alike in his grief and in his effort to break the trammels of sorrow, they too have an equal part and a natural sympathy.

At Wallack's Theater, the performance to-night will consist of "Secrets Worth Knowing," an excellent old comedy, which is performed at this theater in excellent style. The representation is chiefly remarkable for Mr. Fisher's personation of Nicholas the Nave, the aged and decrepit miser—a piece of acting which well deserves to be remembered among the gems of theatrical art that grace the New-York stage. "Love's Sacrifice" will be repeated on Tuesday and Friday. On Wednesday, Mr. Booth has long endured, in silence and retirement, the heavy burden of a dreadful calamity. He now resumes that active professional life which is indispensable to such a temperament as his. The American public, which is peculiarly kindly and sympathetic, will greet him with a cordial welcome—since, alike in his grief and in his effort to break the trammels of sorrow, they too have an equal part and a natural sympathy.

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To the nation the year opens auspiciously; and although there are many who predict disaster and disease, there was never reason for such cheerfulness and hope. There is, however, no method by which the future can be told, no provision of events possible; but Peace has endowed us in her happy embrace. Plenty sleeps in the soft, only waiting the sunbeams of Summer and the labor of the husbandman to arouse it into the laughing harvest-fields of Autumn, and Prosperity smiles upon us in promises that Time will certainly fulfill.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY AT THE THEATERS.

That vigorous effort which was made at the theaters last Monday, to increase the merriment of Merry Christmas, will be surpassed to-day in dramatic exertion to inaugurate a Happy New-Year. Surpassed, because the name of jollity which was kindled on that occasion, has become, by this time, an all-devouring blaze of mirth. Good sherry and plum-pudding are apt to stimulate that sort of a conflagration at the season of the year; and these combustibles have not been spared during the past week. The incendiary of cheerfulness is high, and that is a cold heart which does not take fire. As to our theatrical friends, they are probably crackling—as you will see if you chance to visit the theaters any time to-day or to-night.

"The School for Scandal" will be represented at Miss Weston's New-York Theater to-night, and every night until the scenery shall be prepared for something else.

It will thus be seen that all requisite preparations have been made to inaugurate, in the theatrical world, what we heartily wish to all the players. A Happy New-Year.

and agricultural. "Green Bushes" will continue to flourish at Nickle's for some time to come; but will finally give way to a new play by Mr. Gayler, in which Miss Weston will assume the leading part.

Mr. Clarke II. to entertain the public to-night at the Winter Garden, in his capacity of Major Wellington De Boot, and also as Jacques Siroc in "Robert Macaire." To-morrow evening being the last of his engagement, he will enact Teddles. On Wednesday evening Mr. Edwin Booth will reappear in "Hamlet." The peculiar interest which most attach to that occasion will occur to every intelligent reader. Mr. Booth has long endured, in silence and retirement, the heavy burden of a dreadful calamity. He now resumes that active professional life which is indispensable to such a temperament as his. The American public, which is peculiarly kindly and sympathetic, will greet him with a cordial welcome—since, alike in his grief and in his effort to break the trammels of sorrow, they too have an equal part and a natural sympathy.

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